



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

ther with considerable advantage. It fell to his lot to examine the papers of the candidates for middle-class examination, and in musical efficiency the average was low, and he was instructed to put the most elementary questions. He then proceeded to observe that in cases of cathedral choirs, the youths should be trained by some college tutor, but not brought up the remainder of their hours in idleness, and allowed to run the streets, thereby growing up, perhaps, efficient musical scholars, but devoid of those Christian principles which it was so essential should go hand-in-hand with it. He also argued that the musical training should be more general in our universities, in order that clergymen might better be able to control, and take part in, and learn the services in our country churches with musical ability. The reverend baronet concluded by throwing out the suggestion that music should form part of the examination for deacons' orders, not as a matter of necessity, but as an alternative subject; and concluded his paper amidst expressions of applause.

The Rev. T. Helmore next read an interesting paper on the subject of "Church Music," with musical illustrations by the choir of Lichfield Cathedral, and harmonium accompaniment. The Rev. gentleman, after alluding to singing as a means of praise and of following out the Scriptural injunction to show our gratitude to and adoration of God, next referred to the carelessness evinced by many with regard to the proper cultivation of singing. As a means to praise and glorify God it was essentially necessary that both the clergy and the people should learn to sing, and properly cultivate whatever talent for singing they might possess. They could not expect to hear good congregational music whilst there was not a man amongst them who could use his voice musically as a singer. He did not speak so much of females, because as a rule they could always sing better than men, whether from having greater facilities for it, greater sympathy, and more frequent opportunities for practice. He then advocated at some length the formation of singing classes in all our public schools, the extension of the system of choral teaching, and also the adoption of full choral services in all our parish churches, and thus increase the devotional feeling of the people, instead of confining such services, as had been the case too much hitherto, to our cathedrals. The programme was as follows:—*Venite exultemus Domine*, Psalms 136, 137, 138 and 24; *Vexilla Regis prodeunt*; *Eterni Christumenera*; the Nicene Creed; *Gloria in excelsis Deo*; *Nunc Dimittis*; anthem, "Rejoice in the Lord;" *Gloria laus et honor*; Hymn of the Eastern Church, "Peace it is;" *Corde Natis ex parentis*; anthem, "Good Christian men, rejoice;" anthem, "Oh God, Thou art my God;" Greek evening hymn, "Past and over." The benediction was afterwards pronounced by the Bishop of Nova Scotia, and the last meeting of the successful Congress of 1867 terminated.—*Church Congress, Oct. 5.*

ROSTOCK.—Herr Müller has announced a series of fourteen subscription concerts for next winter, and has engaged, among other artists, Herren Joachim, Tausig, and Stockhausen.

LEIPZIG.—Herr Bollé, a pupil of Herr Mantius, has been engaged at the Stadtheater, in the place of Herr Schild.

"DER FREISCHÜTZ" AND THE SKULL.

The following story is told by my friend Hector Berlioz, which is as wildly sensational as if concerted in the Wolf's Glen at midnight. I give it in his own words:—"When *Der Freischütz* was first performed in Paris, I was young and enthusiastic—enthusiastic *à mourir*. Weber took my heart by storm. I had never heard such music. It drove me out of myself—it bewitched—it enthralled me. There was then a young medical student in Paris, my bosom friend. His name was Eugene Sue. The world has since known it. What Weber was to me, Weber was to him; we both venerated, we both idolized the great Carl. Night after night were we in the front row of the gallery. To us it was indeed Paradise. We never missed a representation. But tastes differ, *mon ami*. There was a fellow who came there as regular as ourselves; but when we clapped our hands he hissed—when we applauded he sneered. The animal hissed and sneered at Carl Maria von Weber! Was it endurable? No. Three times did Eugene and I fall upon him *vi et armis*, and three times was he rudely ejected from the shrine which he profaned. *Eh bien! mais le temps marche toujours*. Our first fervor for *Der Freischütz* abated, but not our friendship. One night, years after, Sue came to see me. He was then in the Hotel Dieu. 'Guess, my dear friend,' said he, 'who has died to-day in my ward? A man with a strange disease of the brain, producing distortion of the skull.' 'Eh bien! and what then?' 'Why, the man is—' 'Who?' 'The old unbeliever in *Der Freischütz*.' Again years passed over, and I had forgotten all about the matter. Sue was a great novelist. I had charge of the Grand Opera. I determined to get up *Der Freischütz*. The incantation scene was to be specially splendid. It was not until the last moment that I found I wanted a skull. Off I set to my old friend Sue. The author had not forgotten the Doctor, and his small cabinet of medical curiosities was at my service. 'Take that skull,' he said, 'but for mercy's sake be careful of it. Never was there a finer specimen of a rare disease.' Off I went with the relic of mortality. Carefully did I place it in its position among vampires and owls, and fiery serpents, and skeleton horses. It was not until the casting of the seven bullets had commenced that a thought flashed upon me. The skull! Gracious powers! it may be—it must be—it is—it is—the skull of the man who hissed *Der Freischütz*! I flew round to Sue's box; I told him my thought, and he corroborated it. Marvellous is the course of retributive justice! We leaned over the cushion, we gazed at the mute grinning basin of bone, and we said, as with one voice—'This is *Der Freischütz*! The music of Carl von Weber is thundering around you! and now, skull, hiss—hiss—hiss if you can.'"

Herr Rubinstein, who has definitively left St. Petersburg, has undertaken a concert tour through Germany, and has announced his intention to give three concerts at the Musikverein in Vienna.

Herr Joachim has taken the Grand Redoutensaal at Vienna for the purpose of giving three orchestral concerts, and the Musikverein for three quartet concerts.

PRAGUE.—A new opera, *Drahomira*, by Schebor, has been successfully produced at the Bohemian Theatre.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, Oct. 1st.

DEAR MR. WATSON—I suppose it would be an impertinence to inquire if you are familiar with the heavenly beauties of Weber's Third Sonata—you, who were bred among the Muses, and have daily feasted, where I have only enjoyed occasional crumbs. As I am now studying this lovely composition, you will readily comprehend that my heart is so filled with its divine poesy that I can scarcely think of anything else; but instead of giving you my simple ecstasies, I propose to send you the intelligent enthusiasm of another—a German, too—which makes it far more authoritative, you know. The letter which I translate was written from Paris, in 1828, by a pupil of Wehrstaedt, the old German professor of whom I wrote you some time ago, who spent his life in the study of a trill in Beethoven's Twelfth Sonata, and who, during his long sojourn at Geneva, had never seen Chamounix:

"DEAR MASTER:—I have heard Weber's Third Sonata played exactly as you have so often told me to dream it. I have at last heard our poetry in A flat interpreted by a poet. How beautiful life ought to be if it fulfilled the promises that this noble composition prophecies!

"You recommend me to study with Ralkbrenner, because he plays *properly*. The day that I went to present myself to him, I read upon a yellow advertisement on the Boulevards, 'Concert of the Conservatoire. Concerto in E flat, Beethoven, executed by Franz Liszt.' The concert did not take place, but this notice made me think that the man who could play in public, and in Paris, this concerto that you think *impossible*, might be more useful to me than the author of the 'Effusio Musica.' After much search, I found a young man of eighteen years, pale and suffering, and who appeared to me so extraordinary, that I felt embarrassed in expressing my desire to study with him, because he had intended to play the Concerto of Beethoven. I had been told that he gave no lessons—for Liszt is well-known in Paris, although he lives *entirely retired*. Nevertheless, he made me seat myself at the piano; out of politeness, I suppose. Finding his instrument horribly hard, I played to him only the song of the 'Invitation à la valse.' He rose immediately from the corner where he had been dreamily sitting, and inquired with interest what it was. He did not know the piano-music of Weber. He took the music from my hands—the same copy that you remember—turned and returned it, and then commenced to play it in a manner so extraordinary, and so ingenious, that I thought I was dreaming. I assure you that Liszt did not know the 'Invitation,' and that all is not false in Paris as you said, for this young man is all simplicity. I spoke to him with warmth of the Third Sonata of Weber. 'Bring it,' he said; 'it is decided that we shall study together in future; Sundays, at two o'clock.' His playing made such an impression upon me, that during the entire week I did not wish to see anything of Paris, and I did nothing but study our Sonata previous to returning to